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# A HUSBAND ON SALARY

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BY

JOSEPH H. SLATER

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RIDING THE GOAT.	Burlesque Initiation; 1 Scene; 1½ hours	24

FITZGERALD PUBLISHING CORP'N, 18 Vesey St., N. Y.

# A HUSBAND ON SALARY

## A FARCE IN THREE ACTS

By

JOSEPH H. SLATER

*Author of*

*"Peter Piper's Troubles,"* "Coon Rehearsal,"  
"Mr. Rich From Richmond"

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# A HUSBAND ON SALARY

## CHARACTERS

DIONYSIUS CASEY JONES.....*A man of law*  
PAUL VERNON .....*Poor, but proud*  
SIMON TROTTER .....*Victim of fate, with red hair*  
ALICE MORLEY .....*Who has loved and lost*  
PHILENA BRAGG.....*A man hater*  
BETSY BLOTTER .....*Not such a fool as she looks*

NOTE.—BETSY BLOTTER may be omitted.

TIME.—The present. LOCALITY.—A small city.

TIME OF PLAYING.—Two hours.

## INCIDENTAL PROPERTIES

ACT I.—Letter for PHILENA. Check book for SIMON.  
Letter and watch for DION. Door bell off stage.

ACT II.—Dog biscuit, cake, letter, note-book and pencil  
for DION. Pocket-book and check book for ALICE. Tin  
box and a stylish suit of clothes for PAUL.

ACT III.—Pocket-book for ALICE. Evening paper, lot-  
tery ticket and envelope for SIMON.



## STAGE DIRECTIONS

As seen by a performer on the stage facing the audience:—R. means right; L., left; c., center of stage; R. D., door at right; L. D., door at left; c. D., door at center; COR., corner; Xs., crosses; BUS., business. UP, toward back of stage; DOWN, toward footlights.

# A HUSBAND ON SALARY

## ACT I

SCENE.—ALICE MORLEY'S *sitting-room*. *Fancy furniture.*

*Door at c. Curtains on c. d. Doors r. and l. Table down c. Chairs at r. l. and back of table. Writing material and bell on table. Settee down l. Cushion on settee. Ladies desk up r., against back wall. Six letters tied with a ribbon, and a withered rose in desk drawer.* DISCOVERED PHILENA at c. d.

PHILENA (*speaking off c.*). Well, you can take it right back with Miss Morley's compliments and tell the proprietor it's not a bit like what she ordered, and you needn't trouble yourself any more about it, for she has changed her mind.

VOICE (*off stage*). All right, ma'am. I hope when she changes her mind, she'll get a better one.

PHIL. You run along now and mind your own business, young man, and you may get rich some day. (*Going c.*) Well, really, Miss Morley is almost impossible to please; she is as changeable as the moon. I only wish she'd marry the young man to whom she's engaged, Frederick Everton, before he changes his mind. For my part I would like to see her settled down in life—at present she is as wild as the proverbial mountain goat. (*Door bell rings off stage*) That's rather a mild ring for her. I thought the calm wouldn't last very

## A Husband on Salary

long. (*Bell rings loudly*) That's more like her temper, a little on the order of a cyclone. (Xs L.)

ENTER ALICE MARLEY, L. D.

ALICE. Really Miss Philena, I don't understand why you should annoy me in this way. It is positively cruel of you, it's very trying to a sensitive nature like mine. Has the mail arrived?

PHIL. He was here and is gone.

ALICE. Who was here?

PHIL. The male man, most men are of the male gender, are they not?

ALICE. You are eternally thinking of men, Philena, and for a woman of your age it is very silly to say the least. I meant, have any letters arrived by the last mail, now do you understand?

PHIL. I haven't seen any.

ALICE. Then why didn't you say so in the first place?

PHIL. What is the matter with you to-day, Alice? You must have got out of the wrong side of the bed this morning.

ALICE. You must bear with me patiently, for I have much to anger, to torture, almost to madden me.

PHIL. Oh, yes, I know.

ALICE. And pray what do you know?

PHIL. When I say that I know, I mean that I think that I know.

ALICE. Oh, that's a different thing altogether. There are quite a number of lunatics in the various asylums throughout the country who think they know enough to occupy the presidential chair, but the mere fact of them thinking so doesn't make it so; some people think that the moon is made of green cheese.

PHIL. Then the man in the moon needn't starve. (*Laughs*)

ALICE. Now leave me, I wish to be alone, and if you wish to retain your present position as a member of my

household, forget all you see or may hear except your domestic duties.

PHIL. (*xs to R.D.*). Very well, I'll be as silent as a graveyard at midnight.

ALICE. One moment, Philena, let me warn you as long as you are in my employ never allude to such a grawsome subject as graveyards. I know you have a gloomy and morbid imagination, but for my sake don't dwell upon such topics, they upset my sensitive organization.

PHIL. (*aside*). Her sensitive organization, indeed, she makes me sick.

[*EXIT R.D.*]

ALICE. Philena is a good domestic, but has no regard for the refined feelings of people of superior rank. Can anyone know the depth of my heart's misery? Why does not Frederick come? My heart is dreary waiting for his coming. Three long weeks, it seems like an eternity; what else can I think but that he no longer loves me. Perhaps even at this moment he is pouring words of burning love into another's willing ear. Oh, the mere thought is torture to me. (*Rises, xs up to desk*) Here are the letters containing his vows of love, and here's the little faded flower, his first gift of Love's young dream; then it was fresh and fragrant as our new-born love, but now, alas, it's withered and scentless. Is this little faded flower a type of my own destiny, I wonder? Time alone will tell.

PHIL. (*off R.D.*). I will not permit it, I must be obeyed.

ALICE. Philena is having trouble with the servants. She rules them with a rod of iron, she is a sort of domestic despot. In the kitchen her word is law, her authority is supreme.

ENTER, R.D., PHILENA, *leading SIMON TROTTER.*

ALICE. What's the matter, Philena?

PHIL. Matter enough, this overgrown booby won't keep his fingers out of my preserves.

SIMON. Oh please, mum, it was the cat, I seed her eating it with my own eyes.

PHIL. The cat, indeed! Whoever heard of a cat eating raspberry jam?

SIMON. Some cats have a very sweet tooth.

PHIL. And I suppose it was the cat who drank half the brandy that was in a bottle in the cupboard, eh?

SIMON. I shouldn't wonder, mum, some cats are very high toned in their tastes.

PHIL. Hold your tongue, sir. You ought to be ashamed to stand there and lie like that.

SIMON. It's impossible to do it, mum.

PHIL. Impossible to do what?

SIMON. To stand and lie at the same time.

ALICE. Is not this the boy that Mr. Casey Jones recommended?

PHIL. Yes, Miss, he was engaged here as a man of all work, but he turns out to be a man of no work at all; he's too lazy to carry around his own shadow.

SIMON. It's all because I was born at the wrong time of the moon,—you see, mum, the moon was full, and on a Sunday, and I was born on the same day.

ALICE. Supposing you were what has all this to do with your disinclination to work?

SIMON. You see, mum, they claim that the moon has an influence over our whole lives for good or evil, and Sunday being a day of rest, I'm given to rest ever since.

ALICE (*laughing*). I presume that you're afflicted with what is called "That tired feeling." (SIMON sneezes)

PHIL. You ill-mannered clod-hopper, how dare you sneeze in the presence of ladies?

SIMON. I can't help it, mum, 'cause I've got the hay-fever.

PHIL. Then I must give you some catnip tea, that's a sure cure.

SIMON. No catnip tea for me, I ain't no cat.

PHIL. He's no spring chicken.

SIMON. No, nor I ain't no fall rooster neither.  
(Laughs)

ALICE. Silence, sir, I don't want to hear anything about roosters. How old are you, boy?

SIMON. Please, mum, I'm past sixteen.

PHIL. About four years past I should say, if I'm any judge of human nature. But you can't always tell by one's looks. Now some people might judge me to be much older than I really am.

ALICE. Oh, not much fear of that, Miss Bragg.  
(SIMON laughs and sneezes.)

PHIL. Are you laughing at me, sir?

SIMON. No mum, it was that hay-fever that tickled me so; you see it sometimes flies to my head.

ALICE (to SIMON). You may go, fool.

SIMON (to PHILENA). She says you may go.

PHIL. She was addressing you.

SIMON. Oh! (Starts towards R. D.)

ALICE. Stay, booby.

SIMON. Now I like that, first she says "Go, fool," and then "Stay, booby." Oh, I'll like this place.

ALICE. If a gentleman should call for me this evening, ascertain his name.

SIMON. I'm to entertain his name.

ALICE. Find out his name first. It may be some person that I don't wish to see.

SIMON. All right, mum, I'll size him up, and if he don't look good to me, I'll give him the joy stare. I'll tell him there's nothing doing, and to run along and peddle his papers.

ALICE. Leave my presence, idiot.

SIMON. Fool! booby! idiot! Oh, I'll like the place, I know I will. [EXIT R. D.]

PHIL. Miss Alice, I wish you would inform the domestics of your household that I am to be looked up to as something more than a dependent. Surely my devotion to your interests demands such a concession, they seem to consider me nobody in this house.

ALICE. It is my wish, in fact my command, that they should one and all obey you and I shall instruct them to do so. I fear we will have to let this boy go. I understand my lawyer, Mr. Casey Jones, got him out of a reform school.

PHIL. Yes, and I don't take any stock in such reformations; they are like New Year resolutions and last about as long. That lawyer may be a smart man in his own line of business, but when he turns philanthropist and tries to uplift and reform the whole human race, he is biting off more than he can chew.

ALICE. Well, I'll inform Mr. Casey Jones when I see him that he needn't carry out his philanthropic experiments at the expense of my domestic happiness. I've no faith in the reformation of juvenile criminals, I don't indorse such fantastic theories. (ENTER, R. D., SIMON) The easiest way out of this affair is to discharge the boy.

SIMON. Does that mean I'm to get the bounce?

PHIL. Yes, we can't have any idle drones in this beehive.

SIMON. Stung again, out upon the world for mine. Welcome the life of the free and easy hobo.

ALICE. Your patron, Mr. Casey Jones, will soon be here and he may be able to procure you another position.

SIMON. Oh, what's the use of anything, nothing. (*Door bell rings*)

ALICE. Go and attend the door.

SIMON. I thought that I was fired.

ALICE. Not for one week yet, that will give you time to find another situation.

SIMON. In the poorhouse, what's the use of all that trouble? I'll only be fired again in another week. What shall I tell the parties at the door?

ALICE. If it's a peddler we don't want anything. On the other hand, if it's a gentleman, show him up.

SIMON. On the other hand, suppose he's a one-armed individual and ain't got no other hand.

PHIL. Go to the door, simpleton.

SIMON. I don't care what becomes of me now, but every dog has his day. [EXIT C. D.]

PHIL. Miss Morley, I will leave you alone to entertain your visitors. (xs to R. D.)

ALICE. I am expecting my lawyer on important business.

PHIL. Very well, I only hope it's not a breach of promise case. [EXIT R. D.

DIONYSIUS (*off c. d.*) That's all right, Simple Simon. I have a business appointment with Miss Morley, she is expecting me. (ENTER c. d.) Miss Morley, you will have to excuse this abrupt entrance. This menial wanted my card and tried to obstruct my entrance, so I had to resort to physical force and remove the obstacle.

SIMON. He nearly broke my leg, that's what he did. DION. Base scullion, you ought to be thankful for small favors.

SIMON. You can kick me all you've a mind to. I'm the under dog now, but every dog has his day.

DION. Well, the dog days will soon be here, you'd better look out for the dog catchers and procure a license for yourself, Master Simon. (SIMON sneezes) What the devil's the matter with that fellow?

ALICE. He's suffering from an attack of hay-fever.

DION. Then send him out to the hay loft.

ALICE. Simon, leave the room.

DION. Yes, Simon, as you consider yourself a member of the canine family, you'd better occupy the dog house as a permanent abode in the future.

SIMON. There ain't no use in trying to be anything but what you are; if you try to rise, everyone takes a kick at you. [EXIT C. D.

ALICE. I must leave you now, Mr. Casey Jones. But here comes my aunt, she will entertain you.

DION. But, my dear young lady, I had business with you.

ALICE. Yes, I am aware of that, but I wish to retire for a short time to collect my faculties. I feel that my heart is breaking—my heart is breaking. [EXIT L. D.

DION. Now that is a most extraordinary proceeding to say the least. I come here on a business appointment and when I arrive the young lady informs me that her heart is breaking. Oh, woman, woman, thou art a puzzle and a mystery beyond my comprehension.

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ENTER, R. D., PHILENA.

PHIL. I thought I should find Miss Morley here, I have a letter for her.

DION. She has been here, but was compelled to retire owing to a broken heart.

PHIL. Oh, yes, poor trusting soul, she has loved not wisely but too well; she has placed her faith in the most treacherous of human beings—a man, and now she is suffering the consequences of her folly. You see when you rang the door bell she thought it might be her tardy lover.

DION. Yes, I see. I had the misfortune to be the wrong man, but why blame me for the inconstancy of her truant lover?

PHIL. Well, you know the old story about woman being a riddle.

DION. Yes, and I pity the insane individual who wastes his time in the vain endeavor to try and solve them.

PHIL. Sir, you are not complimentary to our sex.

DION. Madam, I am sincere.

PHIL. The confidential friend and adviser of a lady might be a little more gallant.

DION. I'm a lawyer, Madam, and consequently am strictly business. I wish you'd let Miss Morley know that I have a letter of great importance to deliver to her.

PHIL. Certainly, ring the bell.

DION. (*aside*). Rather cool, I must say, for a servant. (*Rings bell. Aloud*) Excuse the seemingly impertinent question, are you Miss Morley's housekeeper?

PHIL. Sir, don't be insolent. (*Turns to L. corner*)

DION. Phew! a rub against the grain, evidently a poor relation.

ENTER, R. D., SIMON.

SIMON. Did you ring, sir?

DION. No, I rang.

SIMON. Excuse me, I thought you rung. (*Sneezes*)

DION. Convey my compliments to Miss Morley and tell her I wish to see her on important business.

SIMON. I'll tell her all right, but she's got a bad spell to-day and I like to give her a wide berth. (*Sneezes*)

DION. How did you contract the hay-fever?

SIMON. I didn't make no contract for it, I just caught it while sucking cider through a straw.

PHIL. And tell Miss Morley to give you my cheque-book, as I want to discharge my jewelers' account.

SIMON. So long as you don't discharge me, I don't care. [EXIT L. D.

PHIL. To judge from your conversation, Mr. Casey Jones, you must be a confirmed woman-hater.

DION. Bless you, not at all, Madam. I admire woman-kind as an artist would admire a beautiful landscape, and distance lends enchantment to the view.

ENTER, L. D., SIMON with *cheque-book*.

SIMON. Here's your cheque-book, Ma'am. (*To DION.*) And Miss Morley says she'll see you shortly if not before, sir. (*Sneezes*)

DION. The hay-fever will send you to an early grave, Simon, if you don't look out.

SIMON. I don't care what becomes of me now; there's only one thing sure for me and that is a pine box and a pauper's grave.

DION. That's not a very brilliant prospect to look forward to, but cheer up, remember the silver lining behind the cloud.

SIMON. But not for me, it would be just my luck for the cloud to burst and someone else steal the lining.

DION. And to think, it was I who took you out of the Orphan Asylum. I feel in a measure responsible for your moral conduct and welfare.

SIMON. You're not to blame, sir, neither am I because I was born at the wrong time of the moon. (*Sneezes*)

PHIL. You may go, Simon.

DION. I'd advise you to soak your head in something hot.

SIMON. I've tried soaking my head but there's nothing in it. (*Sneezes*) [EXIT R. D.

DION (*laughing*). He's right, there's nothing in it, the boy is a monomaniac on the moon.

PHIL. He's moonstruck.

DION. Well, that's not so dangerous as being sunstruck. (*Looks at watch*) I wish Miss Morley would hurry up, if she only knew what I had to communicate she'd be a little more anxious. (XS UP C)

PHIL. (XS R. of table). I understand that your name is Dionysius Casey Jones. (*Sits*)

DION. (*coming down L.*). At your service, Madam. (*Aside*) I wonder what's coming next?

PHIL. My niece informs me—

DION. I beg your pardon, Madam, your what?

PHIL. My niece, Miss Morley, informs me that you have shown extraordinarily prudent care in the management of her financial affairs.

DION. The young lady flatters me.

PHIL. Perhaps she does, that remains to be seen, but I'm going to put your business ability to a test, as you have the reputation of being a confirmed woman-hater.

DION. And I emphatically deny the allegation, on the contrary I honor and respect all womankind, but not every kind of a woman.

PHIL. I'm glad to hear from your own lips that you're not as black as you are painted. I'm going to entrust my large property to your management.

DION. (*aside*). I smell a rich client.

PHIL. Before we proceed, what is your opinion regarding matrimony?

DION. Candidly speaking, Madam, matrimony is an uncertain game at best. It's also a game that two can play at, but it should be a square game. Each one should play fair and no double dealing. In the game of matrimony there should be honor among gamblers as well as among thieves.

PHIL. My dear sir, I quite agree with you and your sentiments upon the subject of matrimony. They do you honor and please me beyond expression; henceforth you may consider yourself my legal adviser, and may I also add friend?

DION. (*coming to L. of table*). Oh, Madam, need I say that my hand and heart are at your service.

PHIL. Sir—

DION. I mean professionally, of course.

ALICE (*off stage L. calling*). Oh, Aunty!

PHIL. (*rising*). My niece is coming from her apartment. (*Xs. UP L.*) I shall withdraw until your business with her is completed. (*At R. D.*) We shall then transact our business.

DION. Madam, I am yours to command, I shall await your return with pleasure. (*Xs UP C.*).

PHIL. (*laughing*). Mr. Casey Jones, I'm inclined to think you are not a woman-hater after all.

DION. Madam, the person or persons who circulated or invented that falsehood should have been arrested for slander and defamation of character. Why, I'm a regular ladies' man.

PHIL. We shall see, time will tell. [EXIT R. D.

DION. Time will tell, now what did she mean by that, I wonder; can she have any designs upon my young and tender heart! By the shade of Jupiter, I predict a rich and glorious harvest from this seed-sowing. She's rich beyond the dreams of avarice, one can easily tell a person of wealth, her eyes seem to flash diamonds of the first water. Truly the possession of wealth gives the possessor an air of self-confidence and superiority. (*UP L. C.*)

ALICE. Mr. Casey Jones, I owe you an apology for my thoughtless words and extraordinary conduct a short time ago. I was foolishly weak, but I've had a good cry and now I feel better.

DION. I'm delighted to hear it. When the heart becomes too full, it overflows at the eyes.

ALICE. Your face is as a book wherein I can read strange matters. What is the nature of this important news you bear?

DIION. Yes, I bring you startling intelligence from one you love or have loved.

ALICE. You bear a message from him? Then tell it to me quickly—quickly I say.

DIION. I regret to be the innocent bearer of bad news, but you must learn the truth sooner or later. Your late lover, Frederick A. Frost—

ALICE. Some terrible calamity has befallen him, say he is not dead?

DIION. In the words of the immortal Laura Jean Slobby, "He is dead to you forever."

ALICE. What do you mean?

DIION. I mean that your faithless Freddie Frost has gone the way of all fools; he has married another.

ALICE. Married another! Oh, this is more than I can bear. (*Falls into DIONYSIUS' arms*)

DIION (*struggling to support her*). Yes, and damn it, this is more than *I* can bear.

ENTER, R. D., SIMON and PHILENA *for picture*.

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE.—*Same as Act I.* DISCOVERED, ALICE *pacing up and down*. DIONYSIUS DOWN L.

ALICE. Oh, can this be true, or is it all a fearful dream?

DIION. Young lady, I'm a practical man and a lawyer and not addicted to day dreams or pipe dreams. If you doubt me, here are the proofs. (*Takes dog biscuit from his pocket*) No, no, that's some dog biscuit for little Fido, who is suffering from tonsilitis. (*Takes cake out of other pocket*) Here is the wedding cake; have a piece.

ALICE. Never! it would poison me.

DIION. Pardon me, I thought you might like to put a piece under your pillow to dream of your next lover. There's always sure to be a next you know.

ALICE. Never, not in my case at least; man is a most deceitful monster.

DION. I quite agree with you in the main, the Good Book says, "All men are liars," but it does not mention lawyers.

ALICE. Because it was not necessary, I suppose.

DION. Thanks, most men have accommodating hearts; they love much and love many. (*Taking out letter*) Yes, here is the fatal letter which he gave me to deliver to you.

ALICE (*takes letter, examines it*). Yes, it's only too true. The bolt has fallen.

DION. A thunder-bolt I should call it.

ALICE. This is no time for idle tears.

DION. Certainly not, it would be lavish waste of salt water.

ALICE. Revenge is sweet, ha, ha!

DION. So is molasses, ho, ho! But let your revenge take the form of legal proceedings, strike at his pocket-book. You are sure to recover heavy damages if you retain me as your legal adviser. You have all his love letters, I presume?

ALICE. I have them all in my possession.

DION. That's a great point in our favor, possession is nine points at law. Letters full of soft nothings and sentimental gush, delightful reading for a hungry and curious public and a matter-of-fact judge and jury.

ALICE. I must strike at his heart.

DION. What's the matter with his pocket-book?

ALICE. There's nothing in it.

DION. When shall we commence legal proceedings?

ALICE. Never!

DION. Never, that's an early date.

ALICE. My heart is shattered.

DION. Well, we may yet save the pieces.

ALICE. Henceforth, the world to me is but a blank; a melancholy blank.

DION. Cheer up, the worst is yet to come; never despair, some people think that when it rains the sun will never shine again.

ALICE. I have too much pride for tears; but they flow inwardly, upon a heart whose fires are quenched forever. (*Paces up and down stage*)

DION. Then what a shameful waste of time it would be to play the hose upon the ashes of a dead love. As our friend William Shakespeare says, "Things without remedy, should be without regret," in common language, "Forget it." Let us meet the inevitable with a smiling face.

ALICE. Yes, I will even laugh. (*Hysterical laugh*) Ha! Ha! Ha!

DION. That's right, let us laugh together. (*Comedy laugh. Aside*) Love has set her clear crazy; another case of poor Ophelia in "Hamlet."

ALICE (*sits at table*). But my heart is bowed down with grief and woe.

DION. (*sings*). "The heart bowed down with weight of woe, to weakest hopes will cling."

ALICE (*rising*). Enough!

DION. I thought it would be, nobody ever listens to my singing very long without making the same remark; but now we must come to facts, and facts are stubborn things.

ALICE. I need sympathy and revenge.

DION. Young lady, sympathy is not part of a lawyer's stool in trade; as a substantial meal-ticket, it's a failure.

ALICE. Then, Mr. Casey Jones, proceed with your advice. (*Sits r. of table*) I'm all attention, I want to make this faithless wretch pay dearly for his treachery.

DION. Oh, he'll pay dearly all right when the lawyers get hold of him. (*Sits L. of table. Takes out notebook and pencil*) Now let us get down to facts. The real state of the case is this, the firm of Cupid and Co. is burned out, and you hold no insurance upon the premises.

ALICE (*rises*). It's worse than cruel of you to jest at my misfortune, be so good as to look over the papers concerning the estate and then leave me alone with my own sad thoughts. (*xs up L. corner*) I may be able to

find a way out of this difficulty without having to go to law. I hate the publicity that attends lawsuits.

DION. (*rises*). Very well, Miss Morley, I shall respect your wishes. You are the doctor and I'm the lawyer. I shall send over the papers relating to the estate immediately. (*xs up c.*) And I'll return shortly to make the necessary preparation for final settlement. Good day, Miss Morley.

[*EXIT c. d.*]

ALICE. Oh, Frederick, Freddie, how could you be so false to me. Let me once more read his shameful flimsy excuse for breaking our engagement. (*Sits l. of table, reads letter*) "There is that within me which prevents me from becoming the slave of any woman. I feel convinced that our union would only result in misery for us both. In marrying another I am simply following the dictates of my own heart, which tell me that I have at last found my affinity. Yours, Frederick Frost." Ah, Mr. Frost, you have given me the icy shake, but I'll teach you that you can't freeze me out with impunity. I'll be revenged not only on him alone, but upon all his detested sex. I'll marry the first man I meet and I'll make his life miserable by punishing him for the perfidy of his whole sex. I will have a husband. I'll purchase one, if necessary, I'll find some mercenary wretch who will sell his soul and his freedom for money, and I will become his master, no matter what or who he may be. I must loathe, despise and punish him, he must suffer for the heartless conduct of Fred. Frost. (*Bell rings off l.*)

[*EXIT l. d.*]

SIMON (*off c.*). This way, sir. (*ENTER c. d., showing in PAUL VERNON; who carries large tin box*) I'll tell Miss Morley you are here and she may see you, that is if she don't tell me she is out. What name shall I say?

PAUL. No name, just tell her a person with despatches from her lawyer, no doubt she will see me. (*Places box on table r.*)

SIMON. You can't tell a thing about a female woman, sir, no indeed! She may have been born at the wrong time of the moon. Do you believe in the moon and stars?

PAUL. My friend, this is a world of mystery. There may be such a thing as planetary influence; but just at present I don't care what happens in the moon or stars, or the inhabitants of Mars. My motto is "One world at a time. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

SIMON. I see you believe in looking out for number one.

PAUL. Yes, while we are here we must fight the battle of life or fall by the wayside.

SIMON. You don't look prosperous.

PAUL. I don't feel prosperous.

SIMON. Then you, too, must have been born at the wrong time of the moon. I was, for I first saw the light of day in the poorhouse.

PAUL. We know what we are, but we know not what we may become. You began life in the poorhouse, I may end it in the same place, it's only a matter of time.

SIMON. You needn't do any such a thing. You have many things in your favor that should win out in the race of life, while I'm handicapped with a homely face and red hair. On the other hand you're young and good looking, you should marry a wealthy wife—take a fool's advice, marry for money, that's your only hope.

PAUL. Thanks for the suggestion; if I should find a wealthy young woman who wants to throw herself away, I'll follow your advice. Now tell Miss Morley I wish to see her. I have received orders to deliver this box into her own hands. (*Bell rings off c. d.*)

SIMON. Hang that bell, I'd like to twist its tongue out. I'll have to answer that bell first or they'll have a fit. [EXIT c. d.]

PAUL. A strange character truly, one more unfortunate traveler on Life's highway. I am on the brink of despair, a single twenty-five-cent piece between me and abject poverty. They say that every cloud has a silver lining and that opportunity knocks at every man's door once in his life. If she ever knocked at my door I wasn't at home. (*XES UP to c. d.*)

ENTER, c. d., ALICE, XING L., not seeing PAUL who is partly concealed by curtains at c. d.

ALICE. Yes, my mind is made up. I care not who or what the man is—

PAUL (*going forward*). I beg pardon, have I the honor of addressing Miss Morley?

ALICE. Yes, sir, what do you want?

PAUL (*indicates box on table*). I was instructed by Mr. Casey Jones to deliver this box to you in person.

ALICE. Oh, yes, my lawyer. It contains important papers. (*XES to table*)

PAUL. And having discharged my errand I shall go. (*Starts UP c.*)

ALICE. Stay one moment; the laborer is worthy of his hire. (*Produces pocketbook*)

PAUL. I have been paid by the lawyer, Madam.

ALICE. I wish to speak with you.

PAUL (*comes c.*). I am at your service.

ALICE. Bring that chair down here. (*PAUL brings chair from UP stage and places it c.*) Now bring another and place it there.

PAUL (*aside*). I wonder if she's a Spirit Medium and is going to hold a private seance.

ALICE (*aside*). It's too bad that he should be made to suffer for the sins of Frost, but he's a man, one of the hated sex, and that's enough for my purpose. The fates will that this man shall be my victim.

PAUL (*places chair L. C.*). There you are, Madam, and now good day. (*Starts*)

ALICE. Stay, sit down.

PAUL. Madam, I don't understand.

ALICE. I know you don't. But you will, don't you hear me?

PAUL. Certainly.

ALICE. Then obey me, sit down.

PAUL (*aside*). Perhaps I've struck a private lunatic asylum. I'd better humor her. (*Coming c., sits L. of ALICE*)

ALICE. No doubt you may think me demented by what I've said and done, but never mind that, a greater

surprise is in store for you. I should judge by your appearance and occupation that you are a poor man.

PAUL. Yes, Madam, I am not ashamed to acknowledge that I'm a very poor man, but that's not my fault, it is my misfortune.

ALICE. Perhaps so, but on the other hand a man is foolish to suffer all the bitter pangs of poverty if he can find a remedy.

PAUL. Quite true, but to find the remedy is a difficult problem.

ALICE. Don't you know that some poet says: "For every evil under the sun, there is a remedy or there is none. If there is one try and find it, if there is not, why never mind it"? You are very poor, so much the better.

PAUL (*rising*). Madam, you are jesting at my poverty.

ALICE. Sit down, most young men would be glad of the chance to be entertained by a young lady.

PAUL. But this is rather unusual, upon such a short acquaintance.

ALICE. I know it is. But never mind, sit down. (PAUL sits) That's more sensible and more sociable. You say you are very poor.

PAUL. Miserably poor, through no fault of mine. This world has never given me a fighting chance.

ALICE. No doubt, it's all nonsense about merit and worth winning out in the battle of life. Cunning and craft and graft succeed more often. But now to business; how would you like to be a rich man,—a very rich man?

PAUL. Madam!

ALICE. Did you not hear my question? How would you like to become a very rich man?

PAUL. I did hear you, Madam, but scarcely know which to doubt my senses or your sanity.

ALICE. You can answer my question, I presume.

PAUL. I could, Madam, if I only knew what meaning to attach to your question, whether to construe it as

a jest or an insult to my poverty, and your wish to amuse yourself at my expense. Excuse me, Madam, I must go. (*Rises*)

ALICE (*detaining him*). No, you must stay. I insist upon it. You misunderstand me. I didn't mean it as a jest or an insult. I am in earnest I assure you. I am in a strange predicament just now.

PAUL. So am I.

ALICE. I am very wealthy, but still unhappy.

PAUL. Quite a common occurrence, but most people are the cause of their own unhappiness.

ALICE. That's not so in my case; however, it is not of that I wish to speak to you. But, before making this strange proposal, I must ascertain if you are a married man.

PAUL. Madam, I am a single man, I don't want any human creature to share my lot and suffer on my account.

ALICE. That is noble of you, Mr.—? Mr.—? By the way, I have not as yet learned your name.

PAUL. My name is Paul Vernon.

ALICE. Paul Vernon is a very pretty name. Well, Paul, I perceive that though you are poor you are a gentleman in heart and soul. I am going to give you a chance to better your condition.

PAUL. I would gladly welcome any change that would improve my present condition.

ALICE. Spoken like a sensible man. Now do not speak, but listen to me. (*Rises, XES UP stage*) I may surprise you.

PAUL (*aside*). I think not. The poor creature must be insane. She ought to be in a sanitarium.

ALICE (*sits as before*). I have told you that it is in my power to bestow upon you wealth and station. Do you understand, or must I explain further?

PAUL. I would rather you would explain. Why should you bestow upon me, an utter stranger, so much wealth. If you want me to commit a crime to obtain this wealth you are mistaken in your man, Madam. (*Rises*)

ALICE (*detains him*). Stay and listen to my proposal—a strange proposal, as I have said before, but the end justifies the means. I don't want you to become a criminal, I only ask you to be my husband.

PAUL. Madam, as I have told you before, I am poor, miserably poor, but I possess that which in my opinion far outweighs ill-gotten wealth and base-bought station, and that is the honor of a man. I think I do understand you now. No, Madam, my own poverty is hard enough, but I'd rather bear even that than the burden of a fine lady's shame. (*Rises*)

Alice. How dare you, Sir! Insolent, begone! (*Aside*) No, if I send him away under a wrong impression he may think that which he has called me. I must explain all. (*Aloud*) Stay, Sir. I will not have you leave me under the false impression that I am the base creature you have insinuated. You boast of being a man of honor. Then I shall put you to the test. Listen to my story and then you are at liberty to accept or reject my proposal as you deem proper but do not condemn me unheard, I ask you as a man of honor.

PAUL. I shall listen to your story. Proceed.

ALICE. I am neither a fool nor a maniac, as you might suppose from my abrupt proposal of marriage. I am only a deeply wronged and broken-hearted woman who has loved not wisely but too well.

PAUL. A very common occurrence, Madam, but why hold me responsible for the sins of my fellow-man.

ALICE. He who sought my hand and fortune and whom I loved from girlhood has proven false to his vows. He has cruelly jilted me and married another. Now my soul burns to be revenged upon the perfidious wretch and all his hated sex.

PAUL. And you would make me the instrument of your revenge?

ALICE. Hear me out. The very name of man is hateful to me. I shall never take upon myself the duties of a wife. It is for this that I resolved to marry the first individual I met if he would accept me.

PAUL. And you intend to make me the unfortunate victim.

ALICE. Why call yourself unfortunate? You are poor. Is it not something to be raised from abject poverty to the height of luxury? In the eyes of the world you will be a husband, but in reality you'll be a husband in name only, for you must bind yourself by a most solemn contract never to be more to me than you are at the present moment. Now I presume you thoroughly understand me and so I shall leave you. (*Rises*) If you think favorably of my matrimonial proposition, I expect to find you here upon my return; if not, go on your way rejoicing and forget all that you have seen or heard. (*Xes to r. d.*) On the other hand, if you agree to my terms you shall want for nothing, but remember, you are to be "A Husband in Name Only."

[*EXIT r. d.*]

PAUL. A husband in name only. I wonder if this is not all a dream and this young lady is a maniac and suffering from some form of diseased brain. There is but one manly course for me to pursue and that is to leave this place at once; my honor demands it and yet, what a priceless treasure the real love of such a woman would be! But pshaw! why do I linger here? (*Xes to c. d.*) She is now in the frenzy of her disappointment and yet if I could only win her love by the merest chance it would be worth living for. A wise man has said, "In the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail." Come what may I will embrace it. It is my fate. She is here.

*ENTER, r. d., ALICE.*

ALICE. Well, Sir?

PAUL. Madam, I will spare you the mortification of a question. I am ready to accept your proposition, although the conditions are repugnant to my sense of honor and self-respect. "'Tis my poverty, but not my will, consents."

ALICE. It's immaterial to me as long as you consent. (*Xes to table*) Your name is—

PAUL. Paul Vernon, and it's the first time in my life that I blush to hear it uttered.

ALICE. Your sensitive feelings are a matter of the most perfect indifference to me. (*Placing cheque on table*) You will there find the first installment of your salary.

PAUL. Salary?

ALICE. Yes, of course. That is the position you are to occupy in this household, that of "A Husband on Salary." Remember I retain and pay you as I would any other of my hired servants and also bear in mind that upon the slightest breach of this contract on your part I shall restore you to your former state of wretched poverty. You must purchase clothes more suitable for the position you are about to occupy. Go now and return as quickly as you can. (XES to sofa, d.)

PAUL (XES UP to c. d. *Aside*). A kind of desperation urges me through this shameless bargaining of soul and manhood. (*Aloud*) Madam, your most obedient and very humble servant husband. [EXIT c. d.]

ALICE (XES L.) Paul Vernon! I am glad the creature has a name I need not be ashamed to hear pronounced. He's good-looking enough to hand me to my carriage, carry my cloak, and wring the heart of him, the false—the vile—monster who left me for another.

ENTER, c. d., DIONYSIUS.

DION. Well, Miss Morley, here I am again, as the clown says in the circus. I sent the box over with a trustworthy man. I see you have received it all right. Now to examine the precious documents. (XES to end of table)

ALICE. Never mind that now. I have changed my mind. I require your legal services for another purpose.

DION. In what way, may I ask?

ALICE. Simply this, I am about to be married.

DION. Married! After such a Providential escape! Lunatic asylums are very useful institutions after all. You'll excuse the remark.

ALICE. I don't wish you even to question the motives which prompt me in this matter.

DIION. Certainly not; my motto is, "Say nothin' but saw wood!" I am here to obey, not to question or command. Proceed.

ALICE. I am of legal age and mistress of my own actions.

DIION. Certainly, my dear young lady; fashion the knot to suit yourself. It's nothing to me whom you marry; you are at liberty to sign your own death warrant, if you choose. I'll officiate as chief executioner—it's your funeral—I mean your wedding.

ALICE (*rings bell*). I am going out to send a telegram. I'll return in five minutes. Wait for me in the library.

ENTER, C. D., SIMON.

SIMON. Did you ring, Miss?

ALICE. Yes, take this box into the library.

[EXIT C. D.]

SIMON (*XES to table for box*). Mr. Lawyer, I was coming to you with a message from the old lady.

DIION. Do you mean Miss Philena, spinster.

SIMON. I don't know what her politics are, but she wants to see you before you go. She has something important to consult you about; she said something about making her will. She ain't going to die, is she?

DIION. I hope not. It's a customary practice for people of great wealth to make their will every few years; it creates business for the lawyers, you understand.

SIMON. Mr. Casey Jones, if she should be leaving any of her loose change to the servants, just put in a good word for me and Betsy Blotter, won't you?

DIION. I shall not forget you, never fear (*XES to c. d.*) and I shouldn't be surprised if some day Betsy Blotter would blot out the Blotter and change to Trotter. (*Looks at watch*) If Miss Morley should return before I get back tell her that I sha'n't be long. I can't afford to wait. A lawyer's time is money. [EXIT C. D.]

SIMON. That lawyer is a smart one, all right. He

must have been born at the rising of the moon or when it was full. There ain't no use in trying to be anything but what you are. If you do you'll end up by being a darn sight less than nothing at all. We all can't be at the top of the heap; someone has got to be the under-dog and I guess I'm elected all right.

ENTER BETSY, R. D.

BETSY. Hello, Simon, what are you calling yourself a dog for?

SIMON. Because I lead a dog's life, that's why.

BETSY. Well, in that case, you have no kick coming. If you're a dog it's quite natural that you should lead a dog's life.

SIMON. Did you hear the latest?

BETSY. The latest in what? The style of hats or hobble skirts?

SIMON. No, Miss Philena Bragg is going to make her will.

BETSY. Will? We needn't worry about that. It won't make us any richer.

SIMON. You can't tell, she may open her heart.

BETSY. Yes, but she'll close it again before she gives us anything. I know what she'll leave us.

SIMON. What, her blessing?

BETSY. No, the old stub pen she makes her will with.

SIMON. I don't care what kind of pen she leaves us as long as I have my own blotter. (*Embraces BETSY*)

ENTER, R. D., PHILENA, *sees them*.

PHIL. That's pretty work I must say. Betsy Blotter, I'm ashamed of you,—in the arms of a vile man—

BETSY (*XES to L. corner*). I couldn't help it, Ma'am. I didn't know he was going to hug me like a grizzly bear.

PHIL. And you, you booby, what have you to say for yourself? I suppose you'll offer the same old excuse: "It was all the woman's fault."

SIMON (*at r. corner*). No, Ma'am, but I've got St. Vitus dance and when I feel it coming on I've got to hold on to something or somebody.

PHIL. St. Vitus dance, indeed; the last time I caught you, you said it was "Turkey in the Straw" or "Turkey Trot" or some such dancee. Attend to work if you have anything to do.

SIMON (*taking box from table*). Yes, Ma'am. I'm going to take this box into the library and that's what I'm going to do right now. [EXIT R. D.

PHIL. And you, Miss. I've a great mind to have you discharged. I'll overlook your offense this time, but never let me catch you embracing a vile man again.

BETSY (*aside*). Jealous old thing. She can't get anyone to make love to her and she won't let anyone else enjoy themselves; she's a regular dog in the manger, she is. [EXIT R. D.

PHIL. Impudent hussy, I'd like to discharge her, only 'tis so hard to find reliable help. (XES L.)

ENTER DIONYSIUS, C. D.

DION. Madam, I've returned to transact some legal business for Miss Morley.

PHIL. She has not yet returned. In the meantime, I want you to draw up my will, and do not question me if some of the bequests may seem rather peculiar.

DION. My dear lady, a lawyer who knows his business and wishes to retain the respect and confidence of his clients discharges his legal duties quietly, expeditiously, and faithfully.

PHIL. As I am suffering from a slight attack of rheumatism would you kindly assist me to that chair?

DION. Certainly, Madam, who can refuse the fair? (*Assists her to chair L. of table, places sofa cushion under her head*)

PHIL. Thank you very much; you are very considerate. You would make a good husband for some poor woman.

DION. Why not for a rich woman just as well?

PHIL. Well, then, for any woman, be she rich or poor. (*Smiles*) Will that suit you, Mr. Lawyer?

DION. (*sits at upper end of table, takes pen, etc.*) Now then, Madam, I am ready to proceed if you are.

PHIL. You will understand what I require of you?

Make an abstract of my will or make a memorandum of the items and draw up the will at your leisure.

DION. That's a capital idea, Madam, as I have an engagement with Miss Morley in a short time. Proceed if you please.

PHIL. First, to my niece, Alice Morley, she having a handsome fortune of her own, I bequeath the sum of \$5,000.

DION. \$5,000 to your niece is correct, Madam.

PHIL. To the society for the relief of homeless hoboes, \$5,000.

DION. (*aside*). Happy hoboes! I wish I was a hobo.

PHIL. To the Society for the Preservation of the Domestic House Sparrow, \$20,000.

DION. (*aside*). Oh, this is outrageous. (*ALOUD*) Madam, allow me to remark that the common house-sparrow is not a noble bird of freedom, but a veritable nuisance, and should be exterminated instead of preserved.

PHIL. This is my wealth, Sir, and I shall dispose of it as I wish without any comments or suggestions from you. Proceed in silence or I will employ another lawyer.

DION. Excuse me for the remarks. I shall not question any further if you leave your entire wealth to the man in the moon.

PHIL. For the establishment of a Free Rural Delivery amongst the Philippines—

DION. But, my dear Madam, are you not aware that the Filipinos are but semi-savages and couldn't realize the benefit of the Rural Free Delivery. In fact, they can neither read nor write, consequently the Rural Free Delivery would have nothing to deliver.

PHIL. Sir, you forget your promise not to interrupt or suggest, but to obey. Now comes my last bequest for the benefit of feeble-minded lawyers, \$10.

DION. Ten dollars for such a worthy object! I'm astonished at such generosity.

PHIL. That is all; now lead me to the door.

DION. With the greatest pleasure, Madam. (*Leads her to L. D.*)

PHIL. I shall see you soon again, Mr. Casey Jones.

DION. Delighted, I am sure. It can't be too soon, my dear Miss Philena. (*PHILENA smiles and EXITS, L. D.*) She is as rich as a gold mine and I think she's a little bit stuck on my shape. I must brace up a little as to my personal appearance. I've been underestimating my accomplishments and fascinating charms, but now I'm beginning to realize that I'm a regular lady-killer.

ENTER ALICE, C. D.

ALICE. Now, Mr. Lawyer, I hope I haven't kept you waiting too long. (*XES to table*)

DION. Oh, yes, concerning the disposition of your property.

ALICE. No, concerning a matter of my heart.

DION. Your heart? What's the matter with that delicate piece of human mechanism? Doesn't it beat regularly? If so you had better consult a doctor, not a lawyer. When hearts are trumps count me out of the game, unless there's a breach of promise suit in sight.

ALICE (*sits r. of table*). In plain language, and not to waste your time and mine, I am going to marry a man.

DION. Quite natural that, being a woman, you should marry a man; most married women have men for their husbands.

ALICE. But that man is not going to be my husband.

DION. Madam, for my especial benefit, would you kindly repeat that last remark?

ALICE. I repeat, he shall be my husband in name only. He is going to be the most miserable human being that ever wore the bonds of wedlock, for he will be only a woman's slave.

DION. A charming prospect for an able-bodied married man. Might I ask if this unfortunate is wealthy or otherwise?

ALICE. No, I'm happy to say he is a pauper, but it serves my purpose to keep him poor; his poverty

gives me absolute power to keep him in subjection.

DIION. Like poor old Uncle Tom, you own him body and soul. He can have the job, I don't envy him.

SIMON (*off c. d.*). Mr. Paul Vernon.

DIION. Paul Vernon, who is he?

ALICE. My husband that is to be. Have you the contract ready? (*Xes r. of table*)

DIION. Yes, but I must protest against it. (*Xes to l. corner*)

ALICE. Your protestations are useless. It's my will, and that ought to be sufficient.

ENTER, c. d., PAUL, *elegantly dressed*.

PAUL. Madam, I am at your service. (*Bows*)

ALICE. My solicitor, Mr. Casey Jones; this is the gentleman of whom I spoke, Mr. Paul Vernon.

DIION. Yes, of course, why bless me! it's the same individual who carried the box over.

PAUL. The same, sir, for the modest sum of twenty-five cents. I wanted the money. Honest labor is not degrading.

DIION. Certainly not, but allow me to remark that your personal appearance is somewhat improved.

ALICE. Yes, the fates have been kind enough to provide him with a wealthy bride. This is a portion of his wedding dowry. (*Laughs*)

DIION. You don't mean to say that this is the man whom you are about to marry?

ALICE. The same, and I don't want to hear one word of objection from anyone. He is the man of my choice, that's enough. We shall require witnesses, I presume. (*Rings bell*)

DIION. Yes, we had better have two witnesses to the execution, excuse me, I mean the ceremony.

ENTER SIMON, R. D.

ALICE. Trotter, tell Miss Bragg and Betsy Blotter to come here at once.

SIMON. There's going to be some doings in this house. (*Sings*) "Here comes the bride." [EXIT R. D.

DIION. (*aside, in l. corner*). He's a fine looking fellow

to be made a woman's slave. Hang me if I don't give him a chance for his life and liberty. This is too much of a sacrifice even for the sake of lovely woman.

ENTER BETSY, R. D.

BETSY. Did you ring, Miss?

ALICE. Yes, remain here a moment. (ENTER PHILENA at R. D., followed by SIMON. ALICE R. of table) Now let us proceed, Mr. Lawyer.

DIION. (XES to end of table, unfolds contract. Bus. preparing pen, ink, etc.). Now, Mr. Vernon, you being the first victim, I mean you being party of the first part, please affix your signature. (*Positions of characters, ALICE R. of table; DIONYSIUS at upper end of table; PHILENA L. C.; SIMON and BETSY UP stage C.; PAUL XES to table takes up pen*) One moment, I think it only my duty as a legal practitioner and an honest man to warn you of the serious nature of the step you are about to take. Do you know the absurd—I mean the conditions of the contract you are about to sign?

PAUL. Perfectly.

DIION. Are you sure? Shall I read them to you?

PAUL. It isn't necessary. The lady has told me and I have agreed to the conditions, no matter what the results may be.

DIION. You have? Well, the only answer I have to give is that all the fools are not dead yet, so go ahead and sign away your freedom. (PAUL takes pen in hand, pauses)

ALICE (*aside*). Oh, Heavens! He cannot write; what a mortification!

PAUL (*signs*). The Rubicon is passed, whether for good or evil (XES to L. cor.)

DIION. A fine flowing hand.

SIMON (*aside*). That's the kind of hand I write. It flows all over the paper.

BETSY. Shut up; don't you know this is a wedding?

SIMON. It looks more like a funeral. Where's the wedding ring? I say, Betsy, am I going to be the best man?

BETSY. Hush up!

DIION. Now, Miss Morley, you are next.

SIMON (*aside*). Yes, and I'm dead next.

DIION. Let me entreat you to pause, while there's yet time.

ALICE (*taking pen quickly*). Let this be my answer.  
(*Signs*)

DIION. Now for the witnesses.

SIMON. That's me. (*Goes c.*) Let me make my cross, Mr. Lawyer.

DIION. No, you cross right back to where you came from and stay there.

BETSY (*laughing*). You walked right down, turned around, and walked right back again.

SIMON. Stung! by the bees. (*XES UP C.*)

DIION. Now Miss Philena Bragg will please sign?

PHIL. (*XING to table*). Oh, dear me! what a lot of unnecessary fuss to make about a wedding contract. I always did hate legal formalities. (*Signs*) It seems like signing one's death warrant. (*Bus.*) There, I hope that is the end. (*XES back L.*)

DIION. Now, Betsy Blotter, I suppose you know how to write?

BETSY (*XES to table*). Yes, sir, and what's better more, I can read my own handwriting.

SIMON. That's more than I can do.

DIION. Then sign here.

SIMON (*goes down, looks over BETSEY'S shoulder*). Say, Mister Lawyer, what's it you want her to sign? A dog license? (*All laugh*)

DIION. No, a meal ticket.

SIMON. Oh Lor', Betsy, you must have learned to write in a Chinese laundry.

DIION. Thanks, Miss Betsy, now you may retire.

SIMON. I guess that means for us to get out. (*XES UP stage to c.*)

DIION. I ask again, and for the last time, is there any person present who may wish to have me read the contents of this paper?

SIMON. Yes, sir. If it's a meal ticket, I want to know if I can get a Chop Suey on it.

ALICE. Leave the room.

SIMON. Yes'm. Come along, Betsy, but I'd like to kiss the bride afore I go.

BETSY. Simon, never mind, you can kiss me when we get spliced. [EXIT SIMON and BETSY, R. D.

DION. It's quite evident that no one wishes to hear the contents, although it's neither good law nor common sense to sign any document without a knowledge of its contents. It only remains to name the day for the interesting ceremony.

ALICE. One week from to-day will suit me. (XES UP C.) And now you'll have to excuse me. This excitement has given me a most violent headache. (XES to L. D. To PAUL) Can I rely upon you, sir?

PAUL. Madam, come what may, I shall be here at the appointed time. I give my word. Adieu. [EXIT C. D.

DION. Miss Morley, there's something noble in that man's nature after all; don't you think so?

ALICE. I can't think just now because my head hurts me so. [EXITS L. D.

DION. A very common complaint. I know a great many people who can't think because their heads hurt them.

PHIL. (seated L.) Between our heads and our hearts, we poor women have a hard time of it. Ah, me!

DION. The old lady is becoming sentimental. (Aside) I must strike while the iron is hot and she's wealthy. (Going down L.) Miss Bragg, the immortal Shakespeare says, "There is a tide in the affairs of men, when taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." Now my tide has just come in and brought you in it. As a business man I'll come to the point at once. Your niece is to be married this day week, suppose we make it a double marriage?

PHIL. (rising). But I don't want a husband "in name only."

DION. I'll be a different brand, I assure you. I'll be the genuine article. By the way, I believe you said you had a fortune of \$50,000.

PHIL. Oh, not quite that amount after all I have given to charity. I understand your scheme. You want to marry me for my money?

DION. Oh, filthy lucre, no! Perish the thought!

PHIL. Riches have wings.

DION. Perhaps so, but that's no reason you should throw money to the birds, the house-sparrow, for instance. Philena, before you give all your money to the Filipinos and the hoboies, promise me that you'll be mine. Charity begins at home.

PHIL. One week from to-day I'll be your blushing bride.

DION (*embracing PHILENA*). Then be a life partner in the firm of Casey Jones & Co.

ENTER BETSY and SIMON, R. D.

BETSY. Oh, Miss Philena, in the arms of a vile man! Oh, that I should ever live to see this day!

SIMON. Say, Mr. Lawyer, has she got St. Vitus dance?

### QUICK CURTAIN.

### ACT III.

SCENE:—CASEY JONES' law office. Plain chamber.

DOORS C., L. and R. Table in c. Three chairs. Arm chair in L. corner. Office desk in R. corner; swivel chair at desk; papers, writing material, etc., on desk. Tap bell on table. Law books on table and on desk. Parlor screen UP C. Hat-tree UP L. near door. DISCOVERED DIÖNYSIUS at desk.

DION. (*examining papers*). Bills, bills, and nothing but bills, and still they come. One silk dress, \$300.00. Hang me if I know what to make of my wife—whenever I speak of her financial affairs she manages to change the subject. I'm beginning to grow suspicious. A wife should have no secrets from her husband and we must come to an understanding this very day. (*Rings bell on table*). I hate to accuse my wife of deception, but

her mysterious actions are unaccountable. I must know the truth. How am I to settle these bills if my wife is a pauper, and, if she is as wealthy as she claimed to be, she cannot manage the enormous property, and having a lawyer for her husband it would be an insult to his profession and intelligence. The time has come to assert my rights.

ENTER SIMON, L. D.

SIMON. Did you ring, sir?

DION. Yes. Ask my wife to come here. I wish to speak with her.

SIMON. Yes, sir. I may as well tell you now, I'll have to quit my job here.

DION. Indeed, well, what's the trouble now? Are you not getting enough salary or enough to eat, or are you going on the police force?

SIMON. No, sir, I'm going to open a saloon.

DION. Well, you may open it, but I'll bet dollars to doughnuts that the sheriff will close it. By the way, what are you going to open it on?

SIMON. I'm going to open it on the Fourth of July.

DION. I mean with what capital, or rather, whose capital, for, of course, you have no money of your own.

SIMON. Yes, sir, I've got capital. I'm an heiress.

DION. You're a fool.

SIMON. Well, there's an old saying about a fool for luck, but I'm not such a fool as I look.

DION. I should hope not. If you were, you wouldn't be allowed to be at large.

SIMON. I've won a prize in the lottery.

DION. Oh, ho! So you've been gambling, eh? That's your little game.

SIMON. Yes, sir, if you like to call it gambling. Sixty-eight won and I'm an heiress to \$5,000. Here's the evening paper giving a list of the winning numbers and here's my ticket (*Shows ticket and paper*) with the lucky number 68 printed in large figures.

DION. (*examines ticket and paper*). Simon, you're a triple-plated idiot. You've been reading this number upside down. It is not 68 but 89.

SIMON. Stung again. I was born in the poorhouse and I guess I'll die there. There is no use fighting against one's fate. What is to be, will be.

DIION. Never despair, Simon. You may rise some day.

SIMON. If I ever do rise, I'll have to swallow a cake of yeast. (*Sings*) "My Irene was a village Queen, the fairest girl 'twas ever seen, when she plays on the accordéon." [EXIT L. D.

DIION. If the fool killer should ever come this way, Simon had better hide his feeble light under a bushel or take to the woods. Now comes the most critical point in my professional career. Whether for good or evil, time alone will tell. (*ENTER PHILENA, D. L., followed by SIMON, who stands a moment*) You may retire, Simon. We don't want you.

SIMON (*XES to L. D.*) I don't know anyone that does want me. (*Sings*) "My Irene was a village queen, etc." [EXIT L. D.

PHIL. You wish to see me?

DIION. Yes, I do. Be seated. (*PHILENA sits L.*) I have a proposition to make to you which will be for our mutual welfare, as you are aware there should be no secrets between husband and wife.

PHIL. Yes, that is an old and a true saying, and above all, no deception.

DIION. And, above all, no deception; my sentiments exactly.

PHIL. I also have a secret to impart to you, dear.

DIION. Good, then we can exchange secrets. My lips begin to water in sweet anticipation, my dear.

PHIL. Then wipe your lips and prepare for a surprise, my love.

DIION. I shall, darling. In fact, I am prepared, sweetest.

PHIL. You cannot imagine what my secret is?

DIION. Haven't the remotest idea, my love. Perhaps you are going to tell me your exact age?

PHIL. My dear husband, I'm about to make a severe trial of your disinterested affection.

DION. Wife of my bosom, can you doubt my affection for a moment? Proceed with your case. (*Sits R.*)

PHIL. Well, without beating about the bush, what induced you to marry me so suddenly? It wasn't my youth, for I am no longer a spring chicken.

DION. No, my love. You are not a chicken, you are more of a—

PHIL. That will do. I know what is passing in your mind; you are calling me an old hen.

DION. My dear wife, you are not a good mind-reader. However, go on, I am anxious to hear your secret.

PHIL. Nor did you marry me for my beauty. For I am not beautiful. Don't flatter me and tell me that I am.

DION. I will not flatter you, love. You are not very beautiful. I've seen homelier women somewhere, I forget where, in the moving pictures perhaps. But what has all this to do with your secret? After all, beauty is only skin deep. But proceed, I am anxious to learn your secret, my love.

PHIL. In plain words, did you marry me for myself or my money?

DION. Why, my dear, whatever put such an idea into your head?

PHIL. No equivocation, sir. I want a plain answer,—yes or no. Did you or did you not marry me for my money?

DION. Then, confound it, madam, I did not marry you for your money.

PHIL. (*Xes to DIONYSIUS, throws her arms around his neck*). Oh, husband, you don't know the load you have lifted from me. (*Hugs him*)

DION. Madam, you don't know the load you have put upon me. Stand off, no love-making during business hours. What if a client should suddenly enter? (*Rises*) And now, my dear, please tell me the cause of your hilarity.

PHIL. The cause, generous-hearted man, is that I was oppressed with the fear that you might have mar-

ried me for my money, but now that you assure me you did not I am very happy to think that ours was a marriage of true love. "Two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one." I was indeed your real affinity.

DION. I must confess that I am still in the dark as to the nature of your secret.

PHIL. Know then, since you married me for myself alone, that I haven't a dollar in the world.

DION. What! (*Falling into chair R.*) Oh, stung! stung! buncoed to a finish. (*Jumping up*) Madam, do you mean to sit calmly there and deliberately tell me that you haven't a cent?

PHIL. Such is the fact, my love.

DION. Don't call me your love, you old swindler. Madam, I shall sue you for obtaining a husband under false pretense. It's against the law.

PHIL. Indeed! and what law did you break?

DION. None.

PHIL. Oh yes, you did! The law which should be above all other laws, the law of moral honesty and honorable truth.

DION. Then all that fabulous wealth that you distributed in charity was a fake pure and simple?

PHIL. It was partly imagination.

DION. Well, I must give you credit for having greater imagination than the elder Dumas when he created the treasures of "Monte Cristo." And your Rural Free Delivery for the Filipinos and the fund for the preservation of the English sparrow was a delusion and a snare?

PHIL. That was also a part of my deep-laid scheme.

DION. You are quite a schemer. You missed your calling; you ought to have been a bunco steerer. Won't someone kindly put me in cold storage for the rest of my natural life? I am not fit to be at large. (*Walks UP and DOWN stage*) And now, Madam, one last question and I am done. What on earth induced you to concoct such a diabolical scheme to ensnare an innocent man into matrimony?

PHIL. I was tired of my dependence and wished to change it.

DION. Oh, monstrous deception. But, Madam, don't imagine I'm going to submit tamely to such an outrage, and if it were not for your niece, Miss Morley—

PHIL. She is no relation of mine. I was simply her housekeeper.

DION. But you called yourself her Aunt.

PHIL. And you called yourself my lover. You are as deep in the mud as I am in the mire. We played for different stakes; you have lost and I have won.

PHIL. Yes, and a devilish nice game it was. But the end is not yet. I'll have my revenge. I'll get a divorce.

PHIL. I hardly think so.

DION. Why not, pray?

PHIL. Because you could not come into court with clean hands; besides, you're too fond of your money, and I can live upon less than the law would allow me out of your income.

DION. By Thunder! but you're a wonderful woman. I could almost forgive you for the boldness and originality of your scheme. What a fine diplomat you would make. But the parting of the ways has come, as the Irishman said, "The best way for us to get along together is to live apart."

PHIL. Oh, as you please, since we agree to disagree. Of course you'll have to give me alimony. But have you reflected in what a ridiculous light you will appear to your friends, a smart lawyer as you are supposed to be, to allow yourself to be trapped into such a marriage—

DION. (*aside*). Confound it, she's right. I'll be the laughing stock of all my friends for making such a triple-plated idiot of myself.

PHIL. (*rises*). Well, I suppose I'd better go and pack up. (*Starts toward L. D.*)

DION. Stop! Don't be in a hurry! I've thrust my head into the yoke and I must wear it, though it gall

me. I took you for better or worse and certainly got the worst of a bad bargain. In order not to be jeered at and sneered at by the world we had better come to a mutual and friendly understanding. In the presence of strangers let us be on the most friendly terms, but in private we can cordially despise each other. Do you agree to that bargain?

PHIL. (*laughs, drops handkerchief up stage*). I understand. In the presence of others we are to be like turtle doves; when by ourselves we'll be snapping turtles. I agree to that, and, believe me, you'll get all that's coming to you, Mr. Dionysius Casey Jones, attorney-at-law.

[EXIT L. D.]

DION. That woman is a d—d sight smarter than I gave her credit for,—what a lawyer she would make! I think I'll take her into partnership. I'll consider that proposition seriously. If she can bamboozle others as she has me she would be a priceless treasure to any law firm.

RE-ENTER PHILENA, L. D.

PHIL. I dropped my handkerchief here, you old imposter.

DION. (*points to it*). There it is, you old imposter.

PHIL. Thanks, you old alligator.

DION. Don't mention it, crocodile.

PHIL. You're a reprobate!

DION. Termagant! Spitfire!

PHIL. Profligate! Vampire!

DION. You're a vixen!

PHIL. You're a shyster and a lobster. (ENTER PAUL, C. D., stands in doorway. PHILENA sees PAUL; to DIONYSIUS, sweetly) Shall I see you at tea, my dear?

DION (*not seeing PAUL*). Not by a—

PHIL. (*aside*). Be careful, we have listeners.

DION. Oh, certainly, my love. And, my tootsey-wootsey, if you can, procure me some angel cake—

PHIL. Yes, my darling, you shall have your angel cake. (*Aside at L. D.*) I'll give him dog biscuit.

PAUL (*going down C.*). Pardon me, I wish to speak with you alone.

DION. (*Xes to PHILENA*). My darling wife, I'll have to ask you to with—

PHIL. Yes, sweetheart. (*Aside*) Swindler!

[*EXIT L. D.*

DION. Oh, how she loves me! (*Goes c. Aloud to PAUL*) Ah, who would be a bachelor if he knew the blissful harmony of wedded life?

PAUL. I'm glad that somebody is happily married, because I am most miserable. Why did you suffer me to bind myself to this abject slavery? I am only a woman's slave, despised by my fellow man. I have begun to despise myself. What can I do to break these chains that bind and gall me?

DION. Well, how can I help you? Why did you marry her?

PAUL. Strange to relate, I was actuated by a noble motive in bringing myself to this state of degradation. My father bequeathed to me a sacred legacy, the care of a helpless and crippled sister; at his death-bed I vowed to devote my life to her. Heaven knows how hard I strove to keep my promise, but Fate and the cruel world were against me, and I was desperate. Then Fate sent Miss Morley across my path. Well, you know the rest, I sacrificed myself, my honor, all, for my poor sister's sake.

DION. Your story is indeed a sad one. Do you know what I would do under such circumstances?

PAUL. What?

DION. Hang me, if I wouldn't run away, leaving no traces of my whereabouts. Drop out of existence, so to speak.

PAUL. You forget my poor sister who is depending on me. Besides, I cannot leave my wife,—I mean the lady whom I married for money.

DION. Why can't you leave her?

PAUL. Despise me as you may for the fool that I am, but I can't leave her, because I love her.

DION. What! fallen in love with your own wife? Oh, this is a terrible calamity!

## A Husband on Salary

PAUL. I know it's presumptuous vanity on my part, yet if the heart that gives me life be not a throbbing lie, I love her better than life.

DION. I understand, you love the proud and haughty beauty, but you're too much of a coward to tell her. What you need now is for her to reciprocate your love and make no secret of it, eh?

PAUL. Yes, that fatal marriage compact made me her slave, but not her husband.

DION. Yes, slavery days are not a thing of the past. My advice to you is to run away, clear out for an indefinite period. Go to Mexico, Jericho, or Reno, and secure a divorce.

PAUL. Divorce? Never!

DION. Well, then, go up in an airship and forget to come down. Do anything, only get away from her. I'll take care of your invalid sister.

ALICE (*off stage*). All right, Simon.

DION. Hello! Here comes your wife now and you will meet her face to face.

PAUL. I do not wish to meet her now. Is there a way for me to reach the street to avoid meeting her at present?

DION. Yes, you can reach the street through this room. Hurry. (*Indicating R. D.*)

PAUL. On your honor as a lawyer and a man, say nothing about what has passed between us.

DION. Not a word, sir. A lawyer never betrays the secrets of his clients. (*EXIT PAUL, R. D.*) Well, this is a pretty kettle of fish, I must say. And then some fools ask, "Is marriage a failure?" I wonder what the answer is.

ENTER ALICE, C. D.

ALICE. Ah, Mr. Casey Jones, I am glad to find you alone.

DION. I like to be alone sometimes. It gives one time for serious thought and reflection.

ALICE (*takes out pocketbook*). I wish to see you on business.

DIION. That's what I'm here for; business first, last and all the time.

ALICE. You will oblige me very much if you will pay Mr. Vernon, I mean my husband—his salary.

DIION. His salary?

ALICE. Yes, his salary. Don't you remember our marriage compact?

DIION. Oh yes, of course, I forgot for a moment; but I regret to state that there is an obstacle.

ALICE. An obstacle? of what nature, pray?

DIION. The party of the second part, your husband, is disgusted with this matrimonial slavery. He is very anxious to sever the chains which bind him and stand once more a free man.

ALICE. Am I to understand by all this legal rigamarole that he wants a divorce?

DIION. That's about the size of it, Madam. I have discovered that this poor young man is the possessor of a heart, and he refuses any longer to be a woman's slave. I believe he is desirous of marrying a real woman.

ALICE. A real woman?

DIION. Yes, a human being, a creature of flesh and blood.

ALICE. Thank you, sir, for your compliment, but what am I?

DIION. You are a conundrum, and he is going to give you up. You have a "Marble Heart," which refuses to melt beneath the rays of an honest love. In marrying this poor but honest young man you wished to vent your spite on the rest of mankind. In plain language you cut off your nose to the detriment of your charming countenance.

ALICE. Sir, you will please be brief and come to the point.

DIION. Certainly, Madam. Your husband in name only, as you style him, wishes to be free that he may marry a woman with a heart and soul.

ALICE. I will not allow him to marry another woman, never! never! Do you understand? (*Paces UP and DOWN stage*)

DION. Yes, I would be very dull indeed if I didn't grasp your meaning. You express yourself so forcibly. But, Madam, are you aware you are playing the game of the dog in the manger—you can't eat the hay—and you won't let the cow eat it, which is very selfish.

ALICE. Ah! I see! This is a base conspiracy. He has bribed you to play this part. How much did he pay you for your legal assistance? Whatever the amount was I'll treble it.

DION. Madam, I'm not open to bribery by anyone. I only demand the regular legal fee for services rendered.

ALICE (*at table*). Well, I will never give my consent to this separation, because—because—

DION. You don't mean to say that you are really in love with this young fellow?

ALICE. I do. I have learned to love him, in spite of my pride—in spite of all my resolutions to the contrary, I fell in love with him and now I am ready to bear the consequences of my mad folly.

DION. Ah-ha! as the poet says, "By pride angels have fallen, and love levels all ranks." But it is a terrible calamity to fall in love with your own husband, and what will the world say?

ALICE. I don't care what the world says. It will break my heart to part with him now.

DION. Oh frailty, thy name is woman.

ALICE. Do you think he would desire this separation if he knew my feelings towards him?

DION. I fear it would not alter his determination in the matter.

ALICE. Then, sir, I only ask you to remain silent on the subject while I must suffer the consequences of my folly.

DION. (*Xes to c. d.*) You'll excuse me, I have to take a turn in the open air to think this matter over. I fear that I may have an attack of brain storm as a result of your revelation. (*At c. d., looking out*) Hello! Here comes Mr. Paul Vernon now—

ALICE. He's coming here, and must I see him?

DION. Unless you close your eyes, I can't figure any other way in which you can escape.

ALICE. Are you sure he's coming here?

DION. Yes, I fear you cannot escape your fate. You must straighten out this matrimonial tangle between you. I wash my hands of the whole business.

ENTER PAUL, C. D.

PAUL. I trust I have not kept you waiting.

ALICE. Oh, not at all. (*Aside*) How my heart throbs!

DION. (*Xes to end of table*). Now to the business in hand, Mr. Vernon.

PAUL. The sooner it is settled the better for all concerned.

DION. Oh certainly, it's purely a business transaction as far as I am concerned. A lawyer has nothing to do with the sentimental side of human nature. People marry and separate and marry again and again, as the song goes, "It's the same thing over and over again." Now to business, please be seated. (*PAUL sits L. of table, ALICE R. of table*) Now then, give me your attention for a few minutes and look as pleasant as you can under the circumstances. (*Reading*) "Whereas we, the undersigned, having become completely disgusted with each other's society—

PAUL. 'Tis a monstrous falsehood!

ALICE. It's a wicked lie; I never sanctioned such a statement.

DION. Not in so many words, perhaps, but from the coldness existing between you and also your conduct since your strange marriage, the inference was a natural one on my part. But it's too late now to retract, and I do not mind confessing that I took advantage of your inexperience to trick you into signing a document of whose nature you were entirely ignorant, and nothing can undo what you have done. It may prove a wholesome lesson to you, and teach you never to put your names to a paper until you know its contents.

ALICE. Heartless trickery.

PAUL. Monstrous treachery!

DION. All is fair in love and law, business is business, and that reminds me I must go and have Mrs. Jones sign her name to this document. You can take a final and affectionate leave of each other while I am gone, but let it be brief. So you will get married for spite, will you? (*Laughs and EXITS L. D.*)

PAUL (R. C. *Pause*). Alice—I mean, Madam?

ALICE (*coldly*). Sir?

PAUL. I perceive you are impatient to terminate this painful scene, but may I hope that we shall at least part as friends?

ALICE (*with forced calmness*). Oh, yes.

PAUL. I have but one request to make and that is, won't you give me your hand at parting,—is it too much to ask you?

ALICE (*offers hand*). No, no.

PAUL. Farewell, may you be happy in your choice, Alice dear.

ALICE. No, no, you shall not marry her.

PAUL. She? Whom?

ALICE. That other woman whom the lawyer told me you were going to marry.

PAUL. I am not going to marry any woman. He probably meant my invalid sister to whom I have devoted my whole life.

ALICE. Oh Paul, you never told me of a sister. Pray forgive my insane jealous fears. I suspect that we have been duped by this cunning lawyer.

PAUL. He told me you wished to be free in order that you might marry a man of wealth and one in your own station in life.

ALICE. A falsehood—a wicked falsehood, manufactured by the lawyer for some purpose of his own.

PAUL. Then you have no intention of marrying someone else?

ALICE. Why no, that would be polyandry.

ENTER DIONYSIUS and PHILENA, L. D.

PAUL (*to DION.*). Let me see that document if you please.

DION. Certainly, here you are.

PAUL (*looking at paper*). What's this, a blank sheet? Is this the marriage contract we signed?

DION. The same. If you remember, I warned you at the time not to sign any document before reading it.

ALICE. Why did you play this infamous trick upon us?

ENTER SIMON and BETSY, C. D.

DION. I did it all for the best and the end justified the means. You can now get married in the good old-fashioned way.

SIMON. That's what Betsy and me want to do.

DION. Fool! how are you going to support a wife?

SIMON. She's going to support me, because she held the lucky number.

DION. Didn't I tell you that your lottery number 89 was no good; you thought it was 68, the winner.

BETSY. Simon missed the lucky number, and, see here, that's not 89 turned upside down, but the winning number, 68. Read this, good for \$5,000. Simon and me are going to start a chicken farm right away.

SIMON. Yes, and in a year we'll be millionaires.

DION. Simon, don't count your chickens before they're hatched.

BETSY. No, some of them may turn out to be ducks. But we're going to try married life anyhow and see if marriage is a failure.

PAUL. Alice, dear, let us make it a double wedding.

ALICE. I am willing, dear Paul, and this time we'll marry for love and not for spite.

DION. And never again sign any paper until you read it. Be sure you're right before you write.

SIMON. A lucky thing for me I can't write at all. Ignorance is bliss, eh, Betsy?

DION. Mrs. Casey Jones, let's kiss and make up.  
(Embrace)

CURTAIN.

## NEW PLAYS

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### LODGERS TAKEN IN

A comedy in 3 acts, by Levin C. Tees. 6 male, 4 female characters, also 2 supernumeraries. 1 interior scene. Time, about 2½ hours. Costumes of to-day. A husband with a strong case of the "green-eyed monster" taking a trip abroad with his wife, places his home in charge of his ne'er-do-well nephew. By connivance the valet of the house and the nephew rent the rooms to a very mixed class of tenants, whose diversified characters present great opportunity for comedy acting. The dialogue is very bright, the action continuous and the situations most laughable. This is adapted from the same work upon which William Gillette's famous "All the Comforts of Home" is based, with all the comedy parts retained, but the remainder brought down for a smaller cast and shorter time.

PRICE 25 CENTS

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### HELD FOR POSTAGE

A rural farce comedy in 2 acts, by Robert Henry Diehl. 4 male, 3 female characters. 1 interior scene, very simple. Time, 1½ hours. Uncle Oliver, leading old man, and his wife are of the "Old Homestead" type of Yankee farmers. Jerusha the town gossip, the town constable and the selectman, contribute the many humorous episodes. The juvenile leads, male and female, are both very effective.

PRICE 25 CENTS

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### ROSEBROOK FARM

A rural comedy in 3 acts, by Arolyn Caverly Cutting. 6 male, 9 female characters. 1 interior and 1 exterior scene. Time, 1½ hours. Costumes of to-day. Old man, Yankee farmer and three good character parts for the men. A negro maid, some spinsters and an excellent soubrette part for the ladies. Easily staged. A very superior play for amateurs.

PRICE 25 CENTS

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### PETER PIPER'S TROUBLES

A farcical comedy in 4 acts, by Jos. H. Slater. 5 male, 3 female characters. Costumes of to-day. 2 interior scenes, both simple. Time, a full evening. Peter's troubles are caused largely by his desire to oblige his friends, and are of a social, financial and business character. He is employed in the law office of two typical unscrupulous pettifoggers, Grubbins & Bundy, who endeavor to appropriate Doris Chester's fortune, but in the end are foiled by Peter. Betsy, the comedy lead, shares with Peter in the fun making, as well as Adolphus Gudgeon, the English dude. Selwyn Kilby, a struggling artist, has the juvenile lead and has difficulty in escaping the wiles of the widow, Mrs. Barrington. Easily staged. Sure to please.

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### FUN IN THE FARM HOUSE

An entertainment in 1 act, by Eleanor Maud Crane. 11 male, 12 female characters, and children. The number of characters may be decreased or increased to suit circumstances. One stage setting. Costumes varied. This entertainment is presented in a series of tableaux, simply or elaborately given. Any one or more tableaux may be omitted, or tableaux especially suiting specific occasions may be substituted. Music, vocal or instrumental, recitations, etc., may be introduced. Time, 1 hour, or more, according to number of tableaux used.

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BY THE ENEMY'S HAND.	4 Acts; 2 hours.....	10 4
EDWARDS, THE SPY.	5 Acts; 2½ hours.....	10 4
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CAPTAIN DICK.	3 Acts; 1½ hours.....	9 6
ISABEL, THE PEARL OF CUBA.	4 Acts; 2 hours.....	6 3
LITTLE SAVAGE.	3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting.....	4 4
BY FORCE OF IMPULSE. (15 cents.)	5 Acts; 2½ hours	9 3
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## RURAL PLAYS

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GREAT WINTERSON MINE.	3 Acts; 2 hours.....	6 4
SQUIRE THOMPKINS' DAUGHTER.	5 Acts; 2½ hours	5 2
WHEN A MAN'S SINGLE.	3 Acts; 2 hours.....	4 4
FROM PUNKIN RIDGE. (15 cents.)	1 Act; 1 hour...	6 3
LETTER FROM HOME. (15 cents.)	1 Act; 25 minutes	1 1

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BACHELOR MAIDS' REUNION.	1 Scene.....	2 30
IN THE FERRY HOUSE.	1 Scene; 1½ hours.....	19 15
JAPANESE WEDDING.	1 Scene; 1 hour.....	3 10
MATRIMONIAL EXCHANGE.	2 Acts; 2 hours.....	6 9
OLD PLANTATION NIGHT.	1 Scene; 1¼ hours.....	4 4
YE VILLAGE SKEWL OF LONG AGO.	1 Scene.	13 12
FAMILIAR FACES OF A FUNNY FAMILY.....	8 11	
JOLLY BACHELORS. Motion Song or Recitation.....	11	
CHRISTMAS MEDLEY.	30 minutes.....	15 14
EASTER TIDINGS.	20 minutes.....	8
BUNCH OF ROSES. (15 cents.)	1 Act; 1½ hours.....	1 13
OVER THE GARDEN WALL. (15 cents).....	11 8	



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## COMEDIES AND DRAMAS

25 CENTS EACH

	E. F.
BREAKING HIS BONDS. 4 Acts; 2 hours.....	6 3
BUTTERNUT'S BRIDE. 3 Acts; 2½ hours.....	11 6
COLLEGE CHUMS. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting.....	9 3
COUNT OF NO ACCOUNT. 3 Acts; 2½ hours.....	9 4
DEACON. 5 Acts; 2½ hours.....	8 6
DELEGATES FROM DENVER. 2 Acts; 45 minutes.....	3 10
DOCTOR BY COURTESY. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	6 5
EASTSIDERS, The. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting .....	8 4
ESCAPED FROM THE LAW. 5 Acts; 2 hours.....	7 4
GIRL FROM PORTO RICO. 3 Acts; 2½ hours.....	5 3
GYPSY QUEEN. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	5 3
IN THE ABSENCE OF SUSAN. 3 Acts; 1½ hours.....	4 6
JAIL BIRD. 5 Acts; 2½ hours.....	6 3
JOSIAH'S COURTSHIP. 4 Acts; 2 hours.....	7 4
MY LADY DARRELL. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	9 6
MY UNCLE FROM INDIA. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	13 4
NEXT DOOR. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	5 4
PHYLLIS'S INHERITANCE. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	6 9
REGULAR FLIRT. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	4 4
ROGUE'S LUCK. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	5 3
SQUIRE'S STRATAGEM. 5 Acts; 2½ hours.....	6 4
STEEL KING. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	5 3
WHAT'S NEXT? 3 Acts; 2½ hours.....	7 4
WHITE LIE. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	4 3

## WESTERN PLAYS

25 CENTS EACH

ROCKY FORD. 4 Acts; 2 hours.....	8 3
GOLDEN GULCH. 3 Acts; 2½ hours.....	11 3
RED ROSETTE. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	6 3
MISS MOSHER OF COLORADO. 4 Acts; 2½ hours....	5 3
STUBBORN MOTOR CAR. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting	7 4
CRAWFORD'S CLAIM. (15 cents.) 3 Acts; 2½ hours.	9 3

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